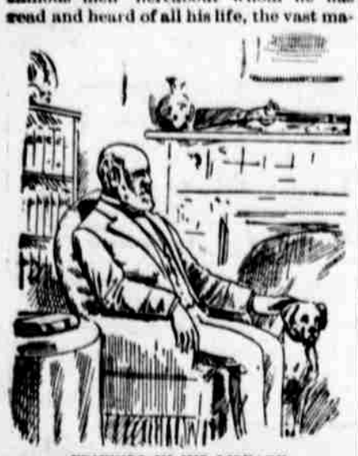
SOME SENATORS AT HOME.

HOW SENATORS EDMUNDS, SHERMAN AND OTHERS UNBEND.

"Saint Jerome" Edmunds Is Supposed to Be the Autocrat of the Executive Session; in His Parlor He Is Delightful. Senators Sawyer, Beck and Blackburn.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27.—To really know and understand these public men, whose fame is as wide as the world, you must visit them in their homes, sit down with them to dinner or in the library for a talk and a smoke. A veteran observer of men and events in the capital city once said to me that when one comes to Washington and gets really to know the famous men hereabout whom he has read and heard of all his life, the vast ma-



EDMUNDS IN HIS LIBRARY.

jority of them seem smaller and less worthy than he had thought them, while a small minority of really brilliant and sincere men are found to be greater and broader than the fancy had painted them. It is so easy to misunderstand and underestimate a public man from what you see of him in public or read in the newspapers that one should be very cautious in forming his judgments. Now, there is Senator Edmunds. They say he is getting crotchety, rasping, sarcastic, grumpy, disagreeable. Half the senators are afraid of his sharp tongue. Newspaper men never bother him unless they are forced so to do by the exigencies of news gathering. Therefore it was in fear and trembling that I called on the senator at his beautiful home in Massachusetts avenue the other night. The old publican had just had a row with his colleagues in executive session about the Pago Pago coaling station in the Samoan Islands. Edmunds wanted a part of the treaty amended, and his brother senators had refused to let him have his way. Accustomed as he had been for several years to lording it over the executive sessions, this rebuff angered Edmunds. He served notice then and there that he would resign from the committee on foreign relations. He went home in a huff, and remained there for several days, nursing, as everybody thought, a very sore head.

Now, here was I about to beard this old lion in his den. No wonder my heart was in my mouth as the servant chillily showed me into the library. No wonder my voice quivered as the tall, gray old senator, with the bent shoulders and the terrible tongue, came in and I told him my mission. I wanted to know if he really meant to resign from the committee. To my surprise the old gentleman shook my hand warmly, drew an easy chair near the open fire for me to sit in and himself sat down beside me.

"Let's talk this thing over," he said.

And the senator did talk. He talked most delightfully. He told stories, discussed public questions, recited reminiscences of his long career as a public man—but not a word about his rumored intention to resign. He talked about everything but that. He was as sweet and charming and gossipy as any young widow eager to change her weeds for orange blossoms could possibly be. The senator's pet dog came in the library and kissed his master's hand—there is a private stairway from the dog room in the basement to the library, built especially for the animal's use—and I heard all about the virtues of the dog; I was shown the old musket which with other colonial weapons stands on the mantel—the gun which Senator Edmunds' grandfather carried at Ticonderoga.

"But, senator," said I, finally, "about the foreign relations committee. Let us suppose there had been no executive session, and bring the matter down to the present moment. Is it your present intention to retire from that committee?"

INGALLS IN HIS DEN.

"O, you newspaper gentlemen are so adroit," said St. Jerome, twiddling his fingers before the fire as the world has seen him do every day in the senate for these many years. "I am sometimes lost in admiration for the adroitness which you display in your work. And I must say for you as a class that you are honorable. Newspaper men are divided into two classes—gentlemen and liars. My experience has been such as to enable me with some degree of confidence to lay down this rule: If I tell fifty newspaper men something which it is not proper to print, and for their private ear alone, forty-nine of them will respect the confidence I place in them, and say not a word. The fiftieth man will violate his honor and rush into print."

"Don't you think, senator," I asked, "that this average of forty-nine honorable men out of fifty is considerably above the average of human nature under like conditions?"

"I don't know but it is. I don't know but it is. This fiftieth man must be the fellow who, finally shut out from all legitimate sources of information, depends largely on his imagination. I remember an instance. Some years ago a story appeared in one of the western papers about a senatorial poker game, in which the limit was very high and none but senators were admitted. On one occasion, according to the story, Senator Sherman, Senator Hoar, Senator Dawes and myself had set down to play, and Mr. Hoar had lost a large sum of money to me. This was copied in many of the New England papers, and poor Senator Hoar—godly man that he is—received about a score of letters from ministers of the gospel in his state, asking him how it was possible for him to disgrace himself in that manner, and telling him that the loss of money served him right for engaging in such wicked amusements. I think I received a few such letters, too, only in my case the cheerful information was offered that I had no right to keep money so sinfully won, and that I had better contribute it to the heathen. If I remember aright that poker story cost me about six hundred dollars in the way of contributions to various missionary and church funds, and not a cent of it was Mr. Hoar's money, either."

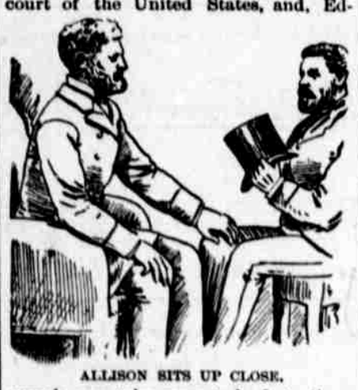
Thus it was that after a pleasant hour with the autocrat of the executive session I was forced to go away without the faintest glimmer of the information I had sought. But I had gained knowledge of the fact that whatever St. Jerome may be in the senate, in his own library he is one of the most companionable and charming of men.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, induced the president to appoint a Mr. Smith judge out in his state. The nomination came before the judiciary committee of the senate, of which Edmunds is chairman. Jones heard that Edmunds was going to report adversely to his protege, and called on the Vermonter to protest.

"See here, Edmunds," said he, "what is the matter with Smith? His name has been in your committee for a month. Why can't you report him favorably?"

"Well," said the chairman of the judiciary committee, "I have heard that the man is addicted to indulgence in intoxicants."

"You mean that he drinks," replied Jones. "Now, see here, Edmunds, one of the things I came to the senate for, one of the chief things I had in mind, was the pleasure of voting to confirm your appointment as justice of the supreme court of the United States, and, Ed-



ALLISON SITS UP CLOSE.

munds, you take your tods forty times where my friend Smith out in Nevada takes his once."

Smith was confirmed for judge the next day. Edmunds' particular hobby is the executive session. He is not in favor of Senator Teller's resolution to abolish the secret meetings of the senate. He despises the men who "give away" executive session secrets. The proceedings of these sessions he never talks about himself, directly or indirectly, and a request for information about those sessions he takes as an insult. Three or four years ago a new journalist in town was made the victim of a practical joke by some of his co-laborers. It was this man's duty to ascertain what was done in executive session, and the conspirators to whom he had appealed for "pointers" thus said to him:

"Edmunds is the very man you want. Tackle him anywhere you find him, and you'll get all you want."

After adjournment the correspondent met Edmunds in the corridor and "tackled" him. The result was not what he had expected. He got what he wanted, but what he got was of the wrong sort. The old senator was thoroughly enraged, and in a few minutes he made the correspondent's head swim.

Senator Sherman is another man who has the reputation of being crabbed, sour and hard to please in the senate, but who is genial and delightful in his own home. He keeps a little fire in his library grate in all but the warmest days of summer, and his temper and manners are as bright and warm as his gas log. Senator Sawyer is like one of the brothers Cheeryble, so good natured and talkative is he in the library of his castle on Connecticut avenue. Senator Davis receives newspaper callers in his shirt sleeves, and always a box of cigars at his elbow, while Senators Beck, Blackburn and Vest always inquire if the guest doesn't think a little good old stuff would take off the chill. Senator Walcott has a story for every caller, and Senator Mitchell has his famously beautiful daughter bring in a cup of coffee with a swallow of benedictine.

Senator Allison takes his guest to his very heart. Chairs on opposite sides of the room seem too cold for him, and he draws up to his guest, places a hand on his knee and wins his heart then and there. It is a rare treat to sit down with Ingalls in his den. The famous senator seems stiff and cold, for here, as in the senate chamber and everywhere else, he sits bolt upright; but such command of language as this man has, such keen insight, expressed in such quaint, luminiferous words, are worth going miles to hear.

WALTER WELLMAN.

HOW THE ENGLISH LIVE.

NOT SO FOND OF HOT OR VERY COLD DISHES AS AMERICANS.

"Pie" Means Meat Pie; "Tart" Means Pie, and "Dinner," as a General Term, Means Meat and Two Vegetables Without Butter—Peaches and Strawberries Very Rare.

[Special Correspondence.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27.—"Whatever you do, don't get an English cook," said an American, long resident in London, to a friend, a new comer, who was thinking of taking a house. "The English simply cannot cook, and the worst of it is that they are firmly convinced that they are the only people who can, so that it is impossible to teach them."

To a certain degree she was right; the traveled Englishman of the higher classes is a bon vivant, a connoisseur in affairs of the table, but his average fellow countryman, and still more fellow countrywoman, rivals the Chinaman in contempt for all "outside barbarians," and regards his insular beef and mutton, his veal and 'am pie as the only victuals for Christians. Most of the "roast beef of Old England" comes nowadays from America and Australia, and, thanks to the system of refrigerator shipment, the imported beef is for the most part superior to the domestic article, although few of the English will admit it; indeed, some of them still consider it as only next door to poison.

The regular every day dinner of the middle class family of moderate means consists of beef or mutton boiled to death or roasted to dry tastelessness (the English abhor rare meat), with white potatoes and cabbage, followed by some sort of pudding for dessert, not because there is any lack of variety from which to choose, but merely because it is their habit, and John Bull is a stickler for regular habits. The English mutton is excellent, far more juicy and tender than our best Southdown, and they cook it much better than they do beef. The usual mode of cooking fowl, which always means chicken, is to boil it with ham. The Saxon fondness for the swine is general, as "veal and 'am" (ham), "fowl and 'am" and the certainty with which you are offered "'am and heggs" at every country inn abundantly testify. At first the ham, which is nearly always good, imparts an agreeable flavor to the fowl, but it becomes monotonous to the stranger after awhile, though the natives never seem to tire of it. "Pigs' trotters" —i. e., pigs' feet—are esteemed a great delicacy among the common people and may be had in every London cook shop.

The English are great fish eaters, and there are many eating houses in London and elsewhere where only fish is served. The sole, the turbot and the john-doree are among specialties. The latter is closely akin to our drumfish in appearance and flavor, and, like it, is only to be caught under certain favoring conditions of wind and tide. Shrimps are another delicacy, and are sold on the streets by the hawkers. Those at Greenwich are esteemed especially good, and it is a common thing for the passenger on the penny boats to buy a pocketful of shrimps to regale himself with on the return trip, eating them as coolly as the American does peanuts. When the Englishman gives an American a dinner, he always, by way of compliment to the guest, includes raw oysters on the bill of fare, a compliment which, if it be the guest's first experience of the British oyster, is apt to take away his appetite. That bivalve is small and leathery, and the strong coppery flavor, which the English like so much, is anything but agreeable to a novice. "Our oysters are small," said an Englishman who had traveled much, and was familiar with American cities, "our oysters are small, but then the flavor. My idea of the ideal oyster is one of your Blue Points with the flavor of our English oyster."

"H'm!" answered a disgusted American, who was vainly endeavoring to wash the said flavor out of his mouth; "the flavor is easy enough to get. Just suck a copper cent!"

The English care far less for hot dishes than we do. In every hotel dining room or large restaurant you will find a table spread with cold meats of all sorts, including several kinds of fish and game, most appetizingly garnished and decorated. Quite as many orders are taken for this table as for the kitchen, and it is a usual thing for the customer to go over to it in order to make his choice, frequently directing the carver what cut to serve. So, also, you may buy cold meats, ham, fowl, game, salmon, beef, roast or a la mode, tongue, head cheese, mutton, veal; anything, in fact, which you may want for luncheon or high tea, daintily dressed in the best French style. Much more astonishing than the fancy for cold meats is that for cold toast. The toast rack is a usual appendage of the English breakfast table, and is invariably filled with toast, stone cold.

I once heard an indignant American declare his belief that his landlady made toast once a week to last seven days. "And it don't take much to last me, I can tell you!" he added. The English muffin is rarely served hot, and is at its best when split open and toasted. Hot and a little richer, it would be much like the American flapjack. There are no crackers in England; our "crackers" are all biscuits. So, also, fruit pies are known only as tarts, the term pie being confined to meat pasties. "Love in disguise" is the title, not of a dainty dessert, but of a sheep's heart baked in a pie. If you call for a pie in a London restaurant the waiter answers, "Yes, sir; veal and 'am, or beefsteak?" The English potato is perfect, mealy, large, and white as bolted wheaten flour. Sweet potatoes are an imported luxury, as is Indian corn, which is little cultivated in the United Kingdom. The vegetable marrow of England is identical with the squash of New England and the cymling of the southern states. All green herbs for food grow luxuriantly in the moist, mild English climate, and salads of all sorts are excellent.

A London costermonger's cart is a pretty sight to see for the artistic grouping of the various vegetables. The red and white of the radishes, the crimson of beets, the yellow of carrots, and the different shades of green—bright green of spinach, blue green of kale, pale green of bleached cabbage, etc.—are blended and contrasted with the skill of an expert florist making a bouquet. Covent Garden market is a sight which no visitor to London should miss seeing. To see it one must rise early, as the market is practically over by 9 o'clock, and it is at its best at about 6 in the morning. Great piles of fruit and vegetables, making masses of color which artists love to study (there are few picture exhibitions at which there are not one or more scenes from Covent Garden), the market men and women in their quaint, old fashioned costumes, the army of purchasers of all sorts and conditions, and most of all the flower market, with its wealth of English bloom, and rarer, but no more beautiful, foreign blossoms, form a picture to dwell in the memory forever.

English gooseberries are literally immense, and one must actually "make two bites" of an English cherry. Strawberries are delicious, and sell for from one to three shillings the basket, a basket holding rather less than a pint (this in June). Three or four large ones are considered a liberal helping, and they are served with the caps on. You take them by the stem between thumb and finger and dip into powdered sugar before making two or three bites of them. Plums are great globes of luscious sweetness; indeed, it is a marvel that fruit should be so fine which has so little sun. Peaches are rare luxuries, and at the cheapest sell two for a shilling in Covent Garden, being dearer at the shops. It is safe to say that thousands of Londoners never taste fruit except oranges, which are sometimes as low as a penny apiece; and an apple or stale berries, very rarely. The British muskmelon is more like a pumpkin than it is like to our American cantaloupe, and it is a tax upon Yankee politeness to be asked to eat it, although it is much more expensive than our freckled Jenny Linds.

Watermelons are strictly hot house fruit, but are imported to some extent from America. In fact, all the best fruit eaten in England is raised in hot houses, the art being carried to the utmost perfection. Peaches and plums are known as "wall fruit," the trees being trained against a wall as though they were vines. The Englishman builds a high brick wall around his premises, and fortifies it with broken bottles, or sharpened nails, stuck thickly along the top. His idea of comfort includes seclusion from the outside world. Against this wall he nails his trees, and tends the fruit with jealous care. A story is told of an American sea captain, who, at a little dinner, helped himself to three peaches from a plate containing half a dozen—one for each guest—and coolly ate them all. Peaches were no rarity to him, and he did not dream that these had cost his host a guinea apiece. Hot house grapes may be had at all seasons, and are second only to peaches and pineapples (they always call them pines) in expensiveness.

None of our American peculiarities horrifies the English like our fondness for ice. Of late years you find it at all the hotels and large restaurants, but its use in private houses is exceptional, and at some of the leading hotels you are expected to pay extra for ice water. The English never drink it. "They give you a cent's worth of hoky-poky, and call it Neapolitan ice cream," said a Philadelphian, who could not forgive the short rations of his favorite dainty. The quantities served are infinitesimal, two teaspoonfuls in a nest of fluted paper, such as confectioners use for fine candies, being the regulation dish. "Eat a great saucerful of ice cream!" exclaimed an Englishwoman to the writer, "I should expect to die!" I chanced to mention my weakness for frozen bananas. "Fancy!" was the short but emphatic comment. You never see a whole bunch of bananas, even in the windows of the Regent street shops. A "hand" or two is the largest display made at once.

"I have an infallible method of telling the Americans at dinner in a restaurant," said an Englishman. "Want to hear it? They always take butter, unless they have been here long and affect English manners. Now we English never do. Look around and you may count them now."

Their method of serving butter at table is as pretty as it is economical. You never see a pound print of butter on an English table. Instead, the butter is made into all manner of fanciful shapes, making the portions dealt to each person as small as they can well be, often looking as though meant for a doll's table. Squirted butter, made by squeezing the butter in strings through a hole in the bottom of a stiff piece of paper rolled to a funnel; "scooped butter," made by scooping the butter quickly and thinly with a scooper that has been dipped in warm water; "curled butter," by putting the butter into a cloth, two ends of which are fastened to a hook in the wall, and the other two tied in a knot to pass a stick through. The cloth is twisted tightly, so that the butter falls in small curlecues through the knot. Besides these there are any number of pretty molds sold for shaping thin, small squares of butter. You do not often see individual butter plates; instead, the custom is to use one small plate for both bread and butter.

Cream is sold in quaint little jugs, holding about half a pint, and is delicious, although the London lodging house keeper regards it with distrust and says it is "doctored." The Devonshire clotted cream is a national dish which there are few who do not like.

The best pickles in the world are, as everybody knows, made in London, and are cheap accordingly, as they pay no duty. Jams are good and plentiful—so plentiful that one is apt to have too much of them.

Potatoes, eggs and apples are sold by weight, which is undoubtedly the fairest way both to buyer and seller; still it looks odd to American eyes to see the placard surmounting a hand barrow of apples: "8d. a pound."

MRS. M. P. HANDY.